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## The Daily Republican.

HAMSHER & MOSSER,  
W. H. HAMSHER, &  
T. S. MOSSER, Publishers.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS:  
Thursday Evening, Feb. 3.

The lower House of the Rhode Island Legislature passed, by a unanimous vote, a bill declaring that henceforth no land owned by and used for any church or charitable institution shall be exempt from taxation.

The prospects are that the District of Columbia government, and the immense debt it has piled up, will be made the subject of investigation by the Senate; and this, too, before the Senate agrees to the bill to pay the interest on the 3,65 District bonds.

The Charlie Ross sensation still continues at and near Tiffin, Ohio. There seems to be a good deal of evidence that the lad has really been found at last. No event would cause more joy throughout the United States than the discovery and return of the boy to his parents.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is of the opinion that the 24th of May is altogether too late for holding the Republican Convention in this State, and it gives some good reasons for its opinions too. The earlier the Convention is held the better, and any time after the 1st of April would be late enough. The *Inter-Ocean* is also in favor of one Convention electing delegates to the National Convention, and nominating a State ticket.

It now appears that, instead of the prisoners taken on either side in the late war, being about equal in number, the Union forces captured 476,169 men, while the rebels took only 188,115. It is not surprising, in view of this, that as many rebel prisoners died in our hands as there were of Union prisoners who died in rebel hands.

The New York *Tribune* has a Harrisburg correspondent who tells us how Pennsylvania is brooking a President. Here is a passage:

"Mr. Quay is Secretary of the Commonwealth, and is the trusted adviser in political matters. He is an eminent skillful and sagacious politician, and will go to Cincinnati to carry off the nomination for Hartranft, if such a result lies within the range of possibility. As far as can be learned, all the Republican politicians of any account in the State, are favorable to the project, and there appears to be no good reason why it should not have as fair a chance of succeeding as any other Presidential scheme now on the carpet. A great deal might be said in favor of Governor Hartranft as an available candidate. He has most of General Grant's good qualities."

It is all a mistake to suppose that there is any necessity to gather together an assortment of Democratic principles. The question is whether the Democratic party is to be put into possession of the Government. There is no principle involved. The old party is not reformed in any particular. It has all the old vices. The party possesses vitality, irrespective of its principles. That is what is the matter with it. There is no reason why it ought to die and doesn't. The Democratic party is again submitted to its Southern wing. Look at the committees of the present House. They show where the potentiality of the party is lodged. Just now the party is under bonds to behave beautifully, that it may win the Presidency and the Senate. With the complete possession of power, the mask will be thrown off. We need no Blaine or Morton to tell us this. The fact is manifest. The leading policy, if not the principle, of the Democratic party coming into power with the present feeling, would be to avenge the humiliations of the Southern Confederacy. Can the Nation afford it? — *Cincinnati Commercial*.

THERE is considerable talk in the Fourteenth Congressional District, among Republicans, in favor of running Hon. James A. Connelly, of Coles county, as the Republican candidate for Congress. Mr. Connelly will be remembered as one of the most efficient members of the last Legislature, and he would no doubt make a good Representative. The district is now represented by Hon. Jos. G. Cannon, and he has made a record of which the Republicans of his district ought to be proud, and unless there are the best of reasons, Mr. Cannon ought to be re-elected. The experience he has already gained, would be of great benefit to the district and the State. This continual desire for a change on the part of Western constituents, is a mistake, and the West always has been deprived of its just weight in the councils of the nation, simply because it will persist in sending new members to Congress. It makes no difference what a man's natural ability may be, he is the first one or two terms a mere cipher in Congress. The East understands this mator, and when it gets a man that is capable and honest, it keeps him, and the result is, that its representatives become a power. The West needs to learn this lesson.— *Bloomington Leader*.

### "ZACH" CHANDLER'S RED FACE.

Creighton, the Washington correspondent of the *Banbury News*, writes: "Perhaps you would like to know something of 'Zach' Chandler. You and I have heard and read a good deal about him, and it is time we knew something of him. He is a great big man, over six feet high, and about sixty years old. He and Horace Greeley were born within a cat's call of each other, and still no man did as much 'Zach' Chandler to defeat the philosopher for the Presidency. He has a lumbering, heavy walk, of certain stride and steady gait. He carries an alternate white and red face in front and back, a cane in one hand and a bundle of papers in the other. He never walks for pleasure. He is always on business. He spits every eight minutes—always to the left, seldom straight, and with the same regularity that punctuates his every action. High in front, like the figure head on a great ship, he carries his great, broad variegated face. On a cold day his countenance beams almost like the red glare of a locomotive headlight. Ninety-nine men who pass him on a cold and frosty morning make ninety-nine rounders, freighted with the information that 'Old Zach had his bitters.' But, oh Lord, how the world is given to living! This red face has a history, this crooked spitting has a reason; and I will give you both.

How the Rev. Winslow Ascertained the Method of the Escape of Forgers From Justice.

From the Boston Globe.

It has already been stated that Mr. Winslow inquired of a lawyer of this city in regard to the countries where extradition does not prevail. The details of this interview are grimly humorous in the light of recent events.

The *Transcript* says that the enterprising speculator began the interview by saying that as so many forgers had es-

caped justice by going to Brazil and other countries where no extradition

law is in effect, he wished to get up an article for the *Post*, giving the facts in the matter, the full text of the laws,

and the names of the localities where

justice is not protected, the routes

thither, &c. Mr. Winslow's legal

friend accordingly overhauled books,

consulted all the authorities, looked

into the history of the famous Bailey

case in New York, and others well

known here, and furnished full details.

Mr. Winslow took copious notes,

informed himself of the routes and

running time of all lines of steamers run-

ning to non-extradition ports, and by

the lawyer's help, obtained a full state-

ment of the laws regulating arrest on

the high seas, and the immunities of

'those who go down to the sea in

ships,' &c. The disciple of Blackstone

had himself become greatly interested

in the case, and when Mr. Winslow

offered to pay him for his trouble, the

lawyer said that the matter was of pub-

lic interest, and he couldn't think of

taking money for it. Mr. Winslow

insisted on sending him a copy of the

*Post* free, and went away, assuring his

friend that the first of the extradition

articles would appear very soon.

"Well, Doctor, my nose feels bad.

How about it?"

"And my ears, I suppose, too?"

"I am sorry to say, yes; they are

completely cooked through."

"My forehead. How about that?"

"Well, I don't see how the skin will

ever grow there again."

"My lips?"

"The upper lip, Mr. Chandler, I

shall have to take almost completely off!"

"That's bad for a man to have to lose his upper lip. Won't the lower one do?"

"I'm sorry to say that I think I

shall have to remove a portion of that

also."

The doctor hesitated.

"To 'oo, doctor. My eyes?"

"Your eyes?"

"Yes. Go on."

"Mr. Chandler, you will lose the sight of both eyes."

"That's enough, doctor, you can go now."

The doctor hesitated.

"To 'oo, doctor. My eyes?"

"Your eyes?"

"Yes. Go on."

"Mr. Chandler, you will lose the

sight of both eyes."

"That's enough, doctor, you can go now."

Nearly a year passed before Zachariah Chandler was seen on the streets of Detroit again. No one could recognize him except by his voice and immense frame. His face, once full, muscular and round, was shriveled and motionless. His heavy jaw, indicative of his firmness of purpose, was almost without a shred of flesh. And, as he remarked himself, "He was the most thin-skinned man in the whole Northwest."

Such is the history and reason of his red face and crooked spitting, which too many adlib-pated journalists stigmatize as the outward and visible sign of a spiritual awakening inside. Such is the history of a face which disguises the man on whose entrance to the cabinet all but howled like Dervishes—a face only saved by the very nicest skill of surgery—a face wearing a sad, chagrined and motionless, incurred to save the pot of the household.

You have never seen Zach Chandler do anything the newspapers might say of him, and many unbearable things have been. When his appointment to the portfolio of the Interior department was announced, all seemed vailed with all its forty-jackass power. The New York *Times*, an administration paper, with its usual weak smartness, said it didn't know what "he was good for unless to set up with nights." Every staff on every New York journal was searching for its meanness and most sardonic writer that something worthy of the occasion and the man might be said.

A reaction has, however, taken place, and instead of the senseless ridicule this mator, and when it gets a man that is capable and honest, it keeps him, and the result is, that its representatives become a power. The West needs to learn this lesson.— *Bloomington Leader*.

### THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

The State elections of the Presidential year begin with the three New England States, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island. New Hampshire holds her election in March, the other two in April. Occurring before the Presidential conventions of the two great parties have made their nomination, and while Congress, with all its possibilities of making and marring the fortunes of parties and candidates, is in session, they cannot be held to signify much as to the probabilities of the Presidential canvass. New Hampshire and Connecticut have been for more than twenty years counted among the doubtful states, the former having been carried by the Democrats, but as a rule carried by the Republicans, who seem to have the best prospects for success in the approaching election, while Connecticut more often wavers from the Republican line, and is at present so pronouncedly Democratic, as to leave little hope for Republican success in April. Rhode Island is so assuredly Republican, that the same regularity that punctuates his every action. High in front, like the figure head on a great ship, he carries his great, broad variegated face. On a cold day his countenance beams almost like the red glare of a locomotive headlight. Ninety-nine men who pass him on a cold and frosty morning make ninety-nine rounders, freighted with the information that "Old Zach had his bitters."

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friend accordingly overhauled books,

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into the history of the famous Bailey

case in New York, and others well

known here, and furnished full details.

Mrs. Hale, then a child, with a lighted candle, detected it in a closet off the back parlor. The father knowing the danger of an explosion, hurried to the closet with a servant, took the candle from the daughter's hands, and shielded her just in time to receive the full blast himself, burning his head, neck and hands almost to a crisp. The nose, ears, eyes, lips, and flesh of the face was so completely cooked that old Zach embraced the opportunity and munched through his blistered lips: "Bring you on your cannibals. I'm cooked."

A physician was immediately sent for, who, after a few moments' examination, shook his head in the most unfeeling manner. With a fortitude which characterized Mr. Chandler to this day, he submitted to the examination, and at the close demanded to know the worst. The physician, Dr. Clark, wisely endeavored to postpone the giving of his opinion until the next day; but Mr. Chandler insisting, the Doctor reluctantly answered his questions.

"Well, Doctor, my nose feels bad. How about it?"

"I am sorry to say, yes; they are

completely cooked through."

"My forehead. How about that?"

"Well, I don't see how the skin will

ever grow there again."

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NEW Q

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Abstract

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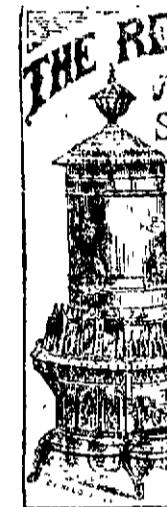
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Governor.....J. L. Beveridge.  
Lieut. Governor.....A. A. Glenn.  
Secretary of State.....G. H. Harlow.  
Attala's State.....John S. Ridgway.  
State Treasurer.....Thomas J. Ester.  
Supt. Public Instruction.....S. M. Estes.

Constituents,  
Senators.....Richard J. Ogleby, John A. Logan,  
14th Dist.; J. G. Cannon,  
Legislators

State Senator, 20th Dist.; J. F. Harrow,  
Representative, 20th Dist.; Silas House,  
S. Jack, John H. Tyler.

Judicial Officers,  
Circuit Judge.....G. B. Smith.  
State's Attorney.....G. C. McDonald.  
Clerk Circuit Court.....E. McCellan.

County Officers,  
County Judge.....S. F. Green.  
County Clerk.....H. W. Waggoner.  
County Treasurer.....R. H. Park.  
County Sheriff.....Geo. M. Wood.  
Superintendent of Schools.....S. P. Nickey.  
County Surveyor.....Geo. V. Loring.  
Coroner.....D. August.

City Officers,  
Mayor.....R. H. Merleweather.  
Aldermen—1st Ward, H. W. Waggoner; W. J. Myers;  
2nd Ward, J. W. Parke, W. M. Boyd;  
3rd Ward, J. W. Chapman;  
4th Ward, J. W. Button; J. L. Pease;  
5th Ward, J. N. Miller; J. W. Chapman.  
Register.....Geo. P. Hardy.  
Treasurer.....N. K. Hatch.  
Collector.....H. H. Brown.  
Attorney General.....A. D. Hinman.  
Surveyor.....Jno. Howorth.  
Engineer & Supt. Water Works.....S. Burgess.  
Superintendent.....George Deprey.  
Deputy Sheriff.....Jos. S. Hays.  
Fire Department—Chief Engineer, Joseph  
Hewes; 1st Assistant, H. P. Christie; 2d Assistant, D. F. Hart.  
School Education of the Orphans  
Public Schools—John Ulrich, W. A. Barnes, W. C. John, John Ulrich, President;  
H. A. Gauthier, Superintendent and  
Secretary.

Decatur Township Officers,  
Town Clerk.....Geo. Goodman.  
Assessor.....J. W. Smith.  
Collector.....H. H. Brown.  
Commissioners of Highways.....A. J. Williams.  
Henry Caselli, J. J. Lewis.  
Justices of Peace.....Ed. Hough, G. W. Baker.  
Constable.....H. Churchman, J. J. Young, J. W. Constance; Carter, J. H. Manzy, S. Weitzel.

Board of Supervisors,  
Decatur.....Jacob Spanner and Henry Rummel.

Friends Creek.....Robert Morris.

Bee Mound.....Frank Chisham.

McMinn.....William Davis.

Whittemore.....J. C. Ruddick.

Nashville.....James Dugman.

Harrisonville.....M. A. McBrade.

Hill Point.....Wm. Grason.

Oskie.....John W. Johnson.

South Wheatland.....L. R. Morris.

Lake Creek.....L. R. Morris.

Marion.....John Orr.

Pleasant View.....W. H. Rogers.

CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—On Prairie street between Main and Church streets, Rev. Robert Mackenzie, pastor. Regular services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sabbath school, 2 p.m.

EVANGELICAL EPISCOPAL CHURCH—

CORNER of North Water and William Streets, Rev. W. H. Reed, pastor. Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sabbath school, 2 p.m.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH—(Grandmother of EL PASO CHURCH, Grandmother of EL PASO CHURCH)

CORNER of North Water and William Streets, Rev. W. H. Reed, pastor. Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sabbath school, 2 p.m.

UNITED BRETHREN—Decatur, Rev. Frank Brandwein, pastor. Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath school at 2 p.m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—CORNER of North Main and Church Streets, Rev. N. S. Hartman, pastor. Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath school at 2 p.m.

PENTECOSTAL CHURCH—21st Street, Rev. W. H. Reed, pastor. Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sabbath school at 2 p.m.

UNIVERSITY CHURCH—On Prairie street west of the new square, Rev. M. W. Taylor, pastor. Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath school at 2 p.m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—CORNER of North and Jackson streets, Rev. J. J. O'Leary, pastor. Services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH OF GOD—ON corner of Water and Corro Gordo Streets, Rev. O. W. and Mrs. M. H. Morris, services at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath school at 2 p.m.

GEMMA LUTHERAN CHURCH—Corner of Wood and Elm Streets, Rev. Mr. Morrison, services at 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m.

BENEVOLENT SECRET SOCIETIES.

O. U. A.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB, No. 2, O. U. A. meets at their hall over Shredder's drug store, every Thursday evening.

MASONIC LODGE, No. 186—F. G. Richmon, No. G.; Wm. J. Patterson, No. S.; W. M. T. Moore, John M. McElroy, all Old Fellow's Hall.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB, No. 2, O. U. A.—Meetings every Monday night preceding full moon every month, R. C. Crooker, W. M.; John A. Barnes, Secretary.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB, No. 3, O. U. A.—Regular meeting every Tuesday night, preceding full moon every month, A. A. Murray, R. P. W. H. Wilson.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB, No. 15, A. M.—A. Murray, G. M.; J. L. Gorin, F. W. Wm. L. Hammer, Recorder, First Monday of each month.

DEMOCRATIC COMMANDERY, No. 2, A. A.—Murray, E. C. J. S. Hand, Recorder, Regular meeting third Thursday each month.

ODF—

DEMOCRATIC CLUB, No. 16, F. G. Richmon, No. G.; Wm. J. Patterson, No. S.; W. M. T. Moore, John M. McElroy, all Old Fellow's Hall.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB, No. 17, Knights of Pythias, C. M. Durfee, C. C. W. Samuel, all Old Fellow's Hall.

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